

## **Edgar Martins: *The Time Machine***

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Ffotogallery

### **Machine Time / Machine Space**

By Alexander Norton

Lines follow lines; components follow components, as if duplicated on a grand physical scale. A scale matched by the size of print, a trickery of scale, transforming spaces into each other. Buttons follow buttons, lines always matching, creating a perfect existence, an existence created by the accuracy of the maker, as if crafted with a ruler and pencil. The spaces create a sensation of emptiness, a scale beyond recognition, yet functional in its purpose. The space is built for humans, but machines have consumed everything, leaving us feeling completely useless. They've got it covered and we are no longer needed. It is a moment of escape mirrored by the small-scale window providing an eking of light, onto the grand hall. This touch is what makes the space for humans, as machines do not need it to function, but their caretakers do. We are given a miniature area of light outside the artificial bulbs. There is nothing human about this place; it is merely made for machines and for humans to uncomfortably survive in.

Machines develop human personalities through their exteriors, designed by human intervention. They become friendly, approachable, guarded and beautiful, yet all achieve the purpose they were built for. Everything constructed around a beautiful logic, matched by the logically beautiful frames they have been composed within. The recorder here suggests an awe of wonder at the strangeness of human creations and the need to decorate for our own sanity. Humans need to inhabit the space, to maintain and operate the machines. The space is made purely for machine purposes, yet must be designed for a human to cope with the inhumane nature of it all.

Yet ultimately these spaces are dated, in decor and technology. As if, as the title suggests, we have stepped into a time machine to time that already happened. And these spaces are permanently held within the camera's frame, the printed picture and the published book. They are frozen in time, spaces that never evolve or change, but merely remain.